The Centurion

My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.
Tennyson, Sir Galahad

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2 JANUARY 1964

"She is the priestess of an ancient rite . . ." Our Vestal with the coffee-cup is Julie Gibson, photographed in the SUB kitchen with a Contaflex and electronic flash unit.

Cold curtains of white ice . . . This scene was taken on the Malahat, with a Minolta SR-1, using Panatomic X film. The picture was taken at f-8; exposure was 1/125 second.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN PHILION

This dramatic composition in blacks and greys was taken with a tripod-mounted Contaflex. Technical data: f-22, exposure ¼second, Wratten 25 red filter.

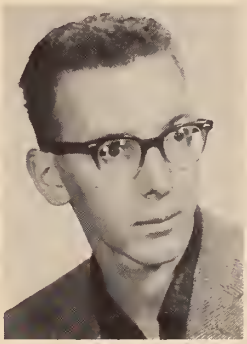
EDITORIALS

Editor-in-Chief
DANIEL O'BRIEN

As we travel down the rocky road of life, journeying upon the highways and byways, we reach the crossroads of puberty. A difficult age. Our bodies mark this transitional stage, our minds reflect its turmoils, and our spirit blah, blah, blah. Blah, blah, blah. Con't. page 37-58.

Fiction Editor
BOB BELL

Remember that magic piano on the kid's record — in the middle of a big concert it refused to play any more for the little girl because she was once pure of heart but now she was a big fake?
I used to think that was a pretty rotten piano.



Poetry Editor
JULIAN REID

Daniel's writing a letter
Addressed to some houri in
A tight black sweater:
I muse on such Loreleis
As I editorialize
For the *Centurion.*

Public Relations
EUNICE SMURD

Aprés nous le deluge.

The Centurion

VOL. 3, NO. 2, JANUARY 1964
University of Victoria

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All contributions should be typed, double-spaced and sent to *The Centurion* via the student mailboxes, poked under the door of the Minor Publications room in the Student Union Building, or furtively slipped to any of the above. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged.

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Julian Reid
Judith Baines
Bob Bell
Gary Boyd
Brian Exell
Bill Hubner
Dr. Burton Kurth
Carolyn Wild

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

My most vigorous and heartfelt felicitations on the inception of this fine literary endeavour. It marks an epoch in journalism.

WEARY REILLY

. . . eye-filling . . . a treat . . .

MARTY BARFORD

. . . best little thing since sliced bread . . .

GARY MCLEOD

Hey, I can't wrappa da fish in this, itsa too much stiff.

ERNIE THE FISHSELLER

. . . don't blot lipstick like the old *Centurion* did . . .

WHARF STREET WANDA

. . . no good for stuffing the holes in my wall now. The customers keep hauling it out to read . . .

BIG MARY AT THE EASTERN

Say Mac!

A Collection of Poems

by GARY BOYD

M 1) *M* — Mac

What's YOUR name?
M Mac.
Can you climb that tree?
M Easily.
So can our cat, but she can't get down!
M Be careful . . .
Have some gum.
M Thank you.
I like honey better.
M I keep bees.
Where?
M In a hive.
Don't you get stung?
M No; only my friends do.

M 2) *m* — Mary

m I've got an Easteregg. *M* I haven't. *m* I'm better than you.

M I'M bigger than you! *m* Would you like to lick a little of my Easteregg? *M* Yes please; you are a girl.

m Duggey knocks me down anyway. *M* I'm a gentleman, Duggey is only successful.

m When you see him this afternoon don't tell Duggey I've got an Easteregg, and I'm eating it slowly under the back porch.

M I've got a bunny. She's going to have little bunnies, hundreds of them! *m* She's greedy. *M* It's alright, my daddy says he'll drown them, all but one.

M 3)

m What's that? *M* A switch, for turning things on. My daddy says it almost thinks, and that's more than his Boss does. If you turn it off, it remembers to stay off, for days and days. If you turn it on, it remembers to stay on all night, for weeks and months even! *m* Can it remember "Mary, Mary, quite contrary"? *M* A whole lot of switches could. *m* Let's get a whole lot of switches, and put them in my dollie's head. *M* And send it to school instead of the both of us! *m* Let's get millions and millions of switches. *M* So they can remember everybody! *m* Except Duggey! *M* Yes, forever, and ever.

M 4)

m Where are you going Mac? *M* Oh, just over the fence and across the canal, and up the big brick factory chimney to the nearest star.

m You're spoofing! *M* No, I'm actually going to start a colony there when I grow up. *m* Can I come? *M* Sure; you can be everybody's mother, if you like. *M* What did you do to your knee? *m* I struck it on something in the garage. *M* It's not very bleedy. *m* Let's put salt on that snail's back, and watch him shrivel up! *M* I've got a better idea; let's wait till it's dark and shinny up the pipe to Duggey's window, and put salt on HIS back.

m You are a dreamer.

M 5)

m What are you doing, Mac? *M* Oh, just scooping out useful holes in the sand with my toenails, Mary. *m* I'm wet up to here already.

M I'm busy. *m* You've got mud in your mouth! *M* Yes, along with teeth, and tongue, and the tip of your left pigtail. That's love.

m I prefer swimming.

A JOURNAL OF FREAK OPINION

The CRYPTIC

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA DEBATABLE UNION VOL. 3, No. 00

TEAR HERE AND THROW AWAY

Why is Azerbaijanian Canada Beefing?

DR. HERCULE POIROT

For a few years now, Azerbaijanian Canada has been living in a climate that can only be described as intemperate. Whether or not this important racial minority will weather the current crisis — which is indeed deep, one might even say profound, in its potential impact on the national and perhaps even the international scene — is questionable, but it is a question that must be asked if we are to find the answer, indeed any answer whatsoever. "Say not the struggle nought availeth," wrote Arthur Hugh Clough, and this quotation might with some justification be applied to what we may pardonably call the Azerbaijanian crisis. Why is Azerbaijanian Canada beefing? — we may, indeed must, ask. Some historical background is perhaps *apropos*. We are all familiar with the Azerbaijanian settler's arrival in 1793, and their heroic trek across the frozen Bering Straits is a familiar story that it would be superfluous to retell here. But how many of us realize that only 83.67% of Canadian osteopaths are of Azerbaijanian descent, and a similar disparity is present in other occupations? Few, I fear, have bothered to look up these disquieting statistics available to all who can read Azerbaijanian; few, indeed, can even read Azerbaijanian, a shocking commentary on the failure of triculturalism to be a significant cultural force on a national scale. Indeed, it is no wonder that our Azerbaijanian minority is beefing — the simple fact, hard to admit though it may be, is that they like, indeed relish, the taste of beef.

Symbolism as Artistic Veracity

(originally presented at the National BISQUIK Seminar at Guelph, Ont.)

JUDITH PAINES

It is through arbitrary symbology and mnemotechnic ideograms that *homo sapiens* seeks to reincarnate natural phenomena or archetypal engrams on the *sensorium*. Thus he gives scope to the creative impulse and utilizes that one talent which it is death to hide. Carlyle said "It is through symbols that man consciously or unconsciously lives, works, and has his being." But in all modesty, I think I said it better (*supra*) because I used more big words, which I pilfered out of Daniel's column, incidentally, and because I subtly suggested a familiarity with Milton. But, to go on, Coleridge observes, "An idea in the highest sense of the word cannot be expressed but by a symbol." I'm not even gonna *try* to outdo that one. No sir, you don't bugger around with Coleridge. You wanna bird around your neck or somethin'? To continue, however, to many Japanese masters of the Akiyoe school Fuji no Yama was a favourite topic, which many of them figured scores of times. To Occidental eyes a picture of this sort is just a picture of a mountain, but to Japanese eyes it is something quite different. It is a slanted picture of a mountain. (Hyuk, hyuk. Nothing like a little ethnic joke to rile 'em up.) Yet it is interesting to note the mutual exclusion in symbolic understanding between those woodcuts in the Land of the Rising Sun and the numerous Christian engravings upon Italian sarcophagi and mosaics. The figure of the fish and the celebrated Greek IXOYE are almost ubiquitous. Mystic symbolism waned in Italy before the close of the eleventh century (A.D.), yet even today we can respect and interpret these symbols somewhat. The fish, of course, represents a member of what the eighteenth-century Augustan poets referred to as "the finny tribe", but who can find out what IXOYE means? Certainly not those sapheads back in Guelph. They'd be lucky if they could find their own backsides using both hands. But maybe it's a good thing. At least they'll swallow this barf without any embarrassing questions.

The B.N.A. Act — Yes or No?
Nova Came

Why Pygmies Smell Bad
Wanda Furd

The L-Shaped Strawberry — A Review
Flick Etheridge

Who Wants to be an Earthworm?
Florence Russell

I Was a Cookie for Christie's
Sandra McKoochie

Ponder Provoker of the Month

"Der Schlear und der Drach
Gingen mit einander ueber'm Back;
Der Schlear sich verdrank,
Und der Der Drach verschwand;
Gott der Vater, Gott der Sohn;
Und Gott der Heilige Geist."

Amen.

ADOLPH HITLER

When the Anti-calendar came out in September it landed on campus with a decidedly apathetic thud. The reason for this soggy reception was the deletion of some of the more polemic pages by faculty partisans. The fearless Centurion *now presents one of the discarded bombshells your Anti-calendar editor refused to print.*

BY

MIKE HORN

JULIAN REID

DANIEL O'BRIEN

COMMERCE 300 — Tax Legislation in NATO Countries

This course, taught by Dr. Karpov, inspired a considerable number of comments which can be described only as severely critical. The material, such as it was, was considered by most of those reporting to be essential to an understanding of tax laws throughout the Western world; the instructor's treatment of the subject, however, was perhaps too subjective. Dr. Karpov's beliefs kept intruding into the course; it was felt that it is perhaps in poor taste to refer to Mr. Pearson as a dirty Red, and to Mr. Adenauer as a Nazi swine, even if only in jest.

Dr. Karpov's obsession with sex must be deplored. Certainly sex is vital to life; it nevertheless should not, most reporters felt, intrude so obviously into the discussion of other important topics. Several of those reporting appreciated that European drinking habits are somewhat more liberal than those in British Columbia; they felt at the same time that slurred speech in the classroom is not excused by old-country customs.

Students did appreciate Dr. Karpov's intimate knowledge of the subject. His claim to have cheated six governments in his tax returns was amply substantiated. It is doubtful, however, whether his constant references to the R.C.M.P. as the "Canuck Gestapo" are in the best of taste. Students liked his unfailing lateness and his refreshingly different approach to a subject which, without his witty comments, might well have been rather tedious. By and large the course was recommended to both Majors and Non-majors.

PHYSICS 461 — Elemental Crepusculation in Non-Entropic Multi-Particular Systems

This senior Physics course is compulsory for all students specializing in Magneto-hydrodynamics. It covers three main topics: passive crepusculation, dynamic crepusculation, and catastrophic crepusculation; this last being the hardest part of the course to master. Prerequisites are Physics 285 (Advanced Intermediate Autogyrology), Physics 484 (Intermediate Advanced Hymnology), and Education 393 (Paper-Doll Cutting). This last may be taken concurrently.

During 1962-63, the course was presented by Dr. O. Zark. It was felt by all those taking the course that Dr. Zark's grasp on his material was in general excellent, but that his lectures were often somewhat hard to follow due to his complete inability to speak, write, or understand any language other than Bulgarian Thieves' Argot. Several of those reporting suggested that the Physics department might consider supplying an interpreter in future years; one student was particularly emphatic on this point, employing such expressions as "%(œ#$ s-- of a b----" and "dirty bulgar". Some also objected that the cost of the textbook was excessive, but two felt that $35.00 was a small price to pay for such a monumental study of the subject as Flintstone, Bagel, and Schweinhund's *An Elementary Introduction to the Study of Crepuscles and Fourth-Order Systems of Dynamic Metasynthesis, Part I.* No essays were required, but many considered the 14-hour-a-week lab schedule to be excessively onerous, and hazardous to boot. Indeed, five reported that their boots had been completely ruined by exposure to energized crepuscules, and several more found that their feet glowed in the dark for weeks after their final lab was finished.

The general feeling was that Physics 461 is a difficult course, but that it is of definite interest to all those interested in crepuscules. It was not recommended as an elective. Students were unanimous in their favourable reaction to the prospect of repeating this course during the coming year.

NECROMANCY 427

This course, taught by Dr. Acula, professor emeritus of Transylvania University, was accorded a rather mixed appraisal. Black Arts majors were effusive in their praise while Newman and Canterbury Club members were no less vigorous in their condemnation. Lawrence Russell was somewhat undecided. The prerequisite courses

(Continued on page 17)

Aggie, I Love You

ANNE LOGIE

Last week, as I was strolling across the lawn in my green snowsuit, looking in the basement windows of this red brick building, it happened again. A man, with a stiff, gray moustache, began pulling at my sleeve.

"I do say," he said quietly, "I believe I'm in love with you."

Men are always telling me they are in love with me. I used to think they were insincere, but I know now that they aren't. They are wherever I go: on buses, in the ballpark, in the garden, on stairs, around corners. I panic when I hear the words. "It's a lie," I want to protest. But inside I know it's true. I wonder often why this happens to me. I am not pretty. I have varicose veins, and I was forty-five on my last birthday.

Yesterday, a man came into our room to see me. He was very tall, as tall as the statue of the Virgin Mary downstairs, and he wore horn-rimmed glasses. His uniform made him look like a long white streak down our dark wall.

He stood by my chair, nervously twirling the end of his stethoscope like a lasso.

"Aggie?" He bent down and whispered into my ear. "I love you."

"So what?" I wanted to say. "So what if you love me. If you love me that's your business." But I didn't. I never do. Instead I was very afraid.

I tried to act indifferent, but I couldn't, as usual. I kissed him over and over again. Then I cried, and sent him away.

It was then that I realized that I would have to be especially careful when I am visiting in here. The place is infested with men.

Today I was sneaking down the corridor with Nunny, who has been very sick and is not supposed to get up too often. Every day they bathe her and feed her and comb her hair. She lets them. They do something else for Nunny too, but whenever they come in to do that I turn my face away. They would not like it if they knew she was walking in the hall, so we were being very careful not to attract attention. I made Nunny promise to warn me if she saw a man coming.

"Why don't they kill the Germans?" Nunny whispered.

The corridor smelled strongly of disinfectant. It usually did at this time of the morning. I don't like this smell.

A male nurse approached from down the corridor. I saw him first.

"A man! The same one!" I cried.

"A German!" Nunny yelled, horrified. "Kill, kill, kill!" she hollered as she hurled herself down the hall towards him.

There would be trouble, I knew. Nunny sometimes became quite excitable. I ran around a corner, and opened the door of the broom closet with my key. I ducked inside and shut the door. It was dusty in there and I got tired after awhile so I sat down on the soft, woolly part of the mop.

I put the key back into the pocket of my skirt. I found it in the dispensary when I went in to see how the new attendant on the floor was doing. None of the patients have a key. They envy me.

I opened the door when I figured the coast was clear.

"Aggie, I love you!" He pounced on me, and I cried because I was frightened. I kissed him. He took my hand and soon I was back in the room with the others and he was gone.

"Kill the Germans!" Nunny was crying. "Kill the bloody sons of bitches."

I shook for a long time, and Pepper put her arm around me. Later, when Nunny was resting, I told her about it.

"Nunny," I whispered, "that man was waiting for me today."

I stopped before going on and Pepper helped me check the room in case someone was listening.

"What man?" asked Nunny calmly, and she really didn't know.

"The one in the corridor."

"If you play with bombs, Aggie, you will get hurt. Aren't they a pretty orange when they burst? Bang!"

"Remember, Nunny, the *German*!"

"German, German, German! Where is the bloody son of a bitch?" Nunny threw back the covers, and jumped down from the bed, tearing at her hair.

I felt badly as soon as I'd said it. Pepper blocked the doorway and kept repeating "Pretty Nunny" and after a minute Nunny calmed down and went back to bed. Pepper told her that I was kidding and that he was just one of the male nurses.

"He was waiting for you?" asked Nunny.

I nodded.

"The filthy little military servant," she muttered.

He came in during the afternoon while we were having lemonade and biscuits. Nunny crouched down in a corner and watched him suspiciously. Pepper started to cry. She was worried that Nunny might do something.

Pepper cries quite often. When she does we leave her alone. She just quietly sniffs and gulps to herself and you can't stop her. Usually, after about an hour, she'll smile brightly as if nothing had ever happened.

"Just checking, ladies," he said. He was gone in a minute.

Nunny began to mumble to herself after he left. She began to pace rapidly up and down the room, glaring at the door and stroking her chin.

I went over to the bed that I had borrowed for my visit, and sat on the edge. The walls in this room are very dark. If you look at them long enough they get darker and darker. I was looking at these walls when the men came running in. There were so many that I panicked.

"Aggie, I love you! Aggie, I love you! Aggie, I love you!"

"Stop. Don't say it," I was thinking. They clustered around me. I couldn't breathe. I kissed them. They didn't go away like the others. I screamed.

I didn't notice that Nunny was gone until just about suppertime. Pepper woke me up with her moaning. She was kneeling on top of Nunny's bed, holding her head between her hands, rocking back and forth.

"Where's Nunny?" I asked.

"Gone," said Pepper, smiling brightly. Then she began to moan again.

I looked everywhere that I thought Nunny might have gone; under the beds, behind the curtains, in the space under the linen cupboard.

"Nunny's gone," I agreed.

I didn't dare go out into the hall alone in case he would be there. Pepper wouldn't come, so I had to sit and watch her rock and moan.

We both heard Nunny's screaming at the same time, and ran to the door to look out.

Nunny was running down the hall with a hairless mop, chasing after the man. It was the same male nurse. Just the handle with the two prongs stuck out in front of her.

"Kill the bloody bastard," she shrieked.

"She must have taken my key," I whispered to Pepper. "She got into the broom closet." I searched my pocket. It was gone. "My key," I said, sadly.

Pepper was crying quietly.

The man was in the corridor, looking dazed and scared. He started to run, but he was too late. Nunny ran headlong into him, and the prongs struck his arm.

"Kill," she screamed.

He yelled in pain, clutching his arm. Nunny had dropped the mop handle, and was dancing around him, clapping her hands. I watched only until the doctor and two other nurses came running in through the door at the end. By that time most of the patients were in the hall.

"Hide, Pepper! Quick!" I grabbed her arm and pushed her into the bed. Then I sat in the rocking chair beside her and tried to stop shaking. They would find the key on Nunny, and take it away. Now I had nowhere to hide from them. There were no more secret places, and I was frightened.

There was a lot of commotion in the hall for awhile. It soon became quiet again, and a nurse went down the corridor telling everyone to go back to their rooms.

He poked his head into our room to see if we were there. Pepper giggled. I kept rocking, and soon he went away.

A man came here once who did not say the words. He was the only one. I remember him sometimes because his face was so sad. He kissed my hand, and went away. He never came back. That was a long time ago. Sometimes when I am rocking I can see his face.

I knew a bad thing had happened. I decided to cut my visit short. It was the only thing to do. I reached under the bed and dragged out my green snowsuit. I only got it partially on before the doctor arrived.

"Well, Aggie, you've decided to leave us again?"

I nodded.

"Why not wait until after supper?" he suggested. "It smells like spare-ribs tonight."

I didn't really want to stay that long, but I was getting hungry. Nunny didn't come back for supper, but it wasn't until later that I began to feel sad and wonder where she was.

The doctor ran into our room after "Lights out."

"Aggie, I love you," he whispered, and ran out.

AN ANGLO-SAXON RIDDLE

Translated by Evan Quap

A moth ate words; when I marked this wonder
it seemed to me most strange indeed
that a thief in darkness — a worm — devour
the song of a man, the glorious song
that a strong man founded; the thievish stranger
was no whit the wiser for the words he swallowed.

ANSWER: *a bookworm.*

COLLAGE

Amidst a sudden burst of cinematographic activity on Campus — both **Robert Foster** and **Mark Mealing** have made or are making experimental films — plans were announced recently for the production of a fifteen-minute comedy, *Sex and the Single Frosh*. Directed by **Quentin Colquhoun**, this film is being shot as a "silent", but it is planned to add a jazz sound-track later. *Sex and the Single Frosh* will be the most elaborate student motion picture made on campus to date, involving several settings and an automobile chase through the streets of Victoria. There should be something in it for everyone — including single frosh.

* * *

One last collage on *The Birds* — the Players Club's scandalous production which played before a total sellout in the Theatre Hut last term. The cast worked very hard on the thing and they're all pretty happy it's over.

Next Players Club production will be in February with two one act plays — **Harold Pinter**'s *A Slight Ache*, and **Edward Albee**'s *The American Dream* — directed by Prof. **Anthony Jenkins**.

This will be followed by another **Carl Hare** extravaganza, **Ben Jonson**'s *The Alchemist*, staged by the Campus Players.

* * *

On January 3, Arts and Letters Club members indulged in another of their notorious "Anthology Nights", at which literary, artistic, and photographic contributions were presented by various members, after a sumptuous buffet supper prepared by the female members of the Club. Highlights of the evening included a showing of **Robert Foster**'s silent film, *Morning of a Harlequin*, reading of a scene from **Bob Bell**'s new play, some unique children's-literature-plus-pictures by **Mark Mealing**, and a show of **John Philion**'s slides. Another high point occurred during the business portion of the meeting, when *Wharf Street Wanda* was adopted as Club mascot. (The Morals Squad will please take note that *this* Wharf Street Wanda is a kitten belonging to Arts and Letters Club Secretary **Elsie Wollaston**).

* * *

Coming soon to the Art Gallery is an exhibition of Persian and Indian miniature paintings, from the collection of **Edwin Binney**, 3rd., in The Portland Art Museum. The Persian paintings, noted for their colour and their decorative virtuousity, form a history of the Persian miniature tradition from the thirteenth through the eighteenth centuries; the Indian works, in a richer and more complex tradition, span the period from the eleventh to the nineteenth century.

The exhibition is scheduled to run from January 21 to February 9, and the Art Gallery's open every day except Monday.

For those with less exotic tastes, a selection of Canadian paintings from the C-I-L Collection will also be on display at the Gallery from January 14 to February 6. The 14 paintings in this collection include works by **Riopelle**, **de Tonnancour**, **Alex Colville**, and **Graham Coughtry**.

A Few Words

DR. BURTON KURTH

In this period of transition from a small college to a university, there has been plenty of discussion about the administrative pattern, academic programmes, buildings and faculty needed to make the University of Victoria more than just a name. Not very much, however, has been officially said about the role of the students in creating the image of the new institution, though the students no doubt have had much to say among themselves on this ubiquitous subject. Planners and designers tend to consider students primarily in terms of numbers of bodies requiring so much physical plant and equipment, or as so many registration folders to be filed and refiled through the process of accumulating units. But it is from this recalcitrant raw material that somehow will emerge those brilliant graduates who will help to establish the real reputation of the university.

Faculty are perhaps too apt to discuss students in the abstract, and students are perhaps too prone to discuss their instructors with devastating particularity. It may sound platitudinous to say that a university should be a community of minds seeking the best in all areas of thought and creative expression, but it is not always remembered that originally this idea of community meant both those who taught and those who came to learn. Division of authority and responsibility is a practical necessity, but it need not mean a division into two points of view which are either faintly antagonistic, or worse, essentially indifferent toward each other. It is better to have a student body critically aware of the limitations of academic procedure and instruction than a horde of apathetic and indifferent bodies going through the motions of acquiring accredited units of knowledge.

There is, it seems to me, a small but pertinent observation that could be made at this time concerning certain attitudes held by both students and faculty toward the business of teaching. Both attitudes are potentially damaging to the essential work of education. One is the tendency on the part of many students to sit back and expect the instructor to be entirely responsible for his show — a knowledgeable entertainer for so many class hours each week. Unfortunately, the Horatian ideal of well balanced instruction and delight is something which very few can attain and maintain continually. The other is the tendency on the part of faculty to regard responsibilities as more or less fulfilled once the materials of a course have been stuffed into the pigeon-holes of lectures and delivered in the form of abstract monologues. Many courses and subjects require a certain distance between student and instructor, but many more would profit by the interaction of minds stimulated by questions and discussion. Here, of course, is the rub. Students ideally should prepare their work ahead, and instructors should be ready for questions and new points of view.

It is my somewhat jaundiced impression that too many students merely accumulate a hoard of notes in anticipation of a few weeks of final and frenzied activity — essentially catching up. No doubt this is a time-honoured college procedure resting firmly on the limitations of natural man. But if months old professorial comments at that late stage do not always have the coherence and lucidity desired by a mind desperate for a passing grade — a kind of instant education with all the flavour of fresh perked coffee — who is necessarily at fault? As Professor G. G. Sedgewick was fond of pointing out irascibly to the last generation, a college education was not to be measured in terms of an eight hour day in an office. He had his own inimitable ways of making it clear that hard work and self-discipline were the student's responsibility. Sedgewick's lectures varied from brilliant to abysmal, but the really memorable learning experiences often came when some impudent student had the temerity to question the great man. He was particularly noted for his scholarly witticisms, but it was often only those in the class who were prepared in their work who knew how much to the point his intellectual fireworks could be.

Surely a true academic community is likely only when the desire to comprehend a given body of knowledge leads to further inquiry and discussion between students and faculty. If students tend to measure learning only in terms of the number of capsules of credit it requires to get a marketable degree, and if faculty members come to regard the growing masses of students as just so many IBM cards to be processed, there will be a university in name only. The individual student can, by insisting upon his individual desire to learn, play an active part in creating a notable image for this institution as a place of higher learning. The status of a university is eventually established by the reputations of both its faculty and its outstanding graduates.

The University of Victoria, among its many other potentials, has at least the opportunity to develop a pattern of student-faculty relationship and cooperation which will be a rare and highly prized asset in the near future. The forecast in general is for huge impersonal diploma mills and reconditioning centres to meet the needs of the population explosion and rapid technological change. This university has al-

ready shown what can be achieved when students and faculty work together on drama productions and create a lively theatre out of practically nothing. The students have already taken the lead in encouraging arts and letters in their midst, and in bringing outstanding musicians, poets, and artists to the campus. I do not mean to suggest that we should strive only to become some kind of Kwakiutl Greenwich Village, but to point out that shared enthusiasm could make this institution a far more significant centre of learning than anything at present envisaged by the shepherd of the delectable mountain across the water.

Let us hope that our hypothetical average student is not as bemused as Lepidus in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Lepidus had little imagination but he was intrigued by stories about the exotic land of Egypt, and especially by the curious notion that serpents and crocodiles were produced by spontaneous generation in the mud of the Nile. What if there were such a one, and he should ask, bewildered by the complexities of academic jargon, "What manner o' thing is your university?" Would our reverent hopes for the marvels to spring forth from the mud of Gordon Head be able to muster anything more to the point than Antony's mocking reply? "It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth. It is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates."

MIR TRAUMTE WIEDER DER ALTE TRAUM

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated by JULIAN REID

Once more that old dream came to me:
    It was a night in May, dear;
We sat beneath the linden-tree,
    And vowed our lives away, dear.

O! *then* there was vowing and vowing some more,
    And kisses, caresses, and chuckles;
So I'd remember all I swore,
    You bit me on my knuckles!

O dicky-dove with eyes so clear,
    O snappish sweet, I'm galled, for
While vows are quite in line, my dear,
    That bite just wasn't called for!

EXPERIENCE

ELSIE WOLLASTON

The taste of evil is strong in my mouth.
Sweat from the pores of life itself —
        Foul
. . . foul . . .
                FOUL it smokes Distillation
Unfit for even the men-y headed Hydra whose
    (-Body?-)
            (brain?)
                thriving on nightmare
Disowns this.
But I, searching
    plumbing . . .
I drink.

Smile, owl-eyed priestess of the cauldrons.
Howl, Unspeakable: I drink.

(Essence of — what?
Within myself
Becomes
what
?)

Translation: **I still say she washes her socks in the coffee urns.**

DIE FLAMINGOS (THE FLAMINGOS)

Jardin des Plantes, Paris

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Translated by JULIAN REID

In pastel shading fine as Fragonard's,
    the faint reflections of their white-and-red
    no more reveal their richness than your words
reveal your sweetheart when you say she was

still soft with sleep. For should they step ashore
    into the greenery, and on pink stems
    all stand together, slightly turned, like blooms
in some vast bed, they would entice you more

than Phryne, self-seducing; 'till their heads
bent — and in his plumage where apple-red
    and black are hidden, each hid huge pale eyes.

. . . The Volière shrills with sudden jealousy;
    and they, astonished, have stretched themselves,
        and stride,
each separate, into the imagin'ry.

One More, For the Road

BOB BELL

Jackson pushed the gearshift into neutral and let the Corvette roll down the long grade. The car was five years old, but Jackson figured it still looked good. He snubbed the brakes to keep the car below sixty-five, and when he reached the bottom of the hill he let it roll along until he came to the old lift bridge that crossed the river. He put the car back in gear, crossed the bridge, and went past the south side of the railroad yards that were on the edge of the town.

It was five past seven. The sun was starting to go down and Jackson felt the air getting cool as he drove between the warehouses and the storage sheds. By the time he reached the business district he had forgotten just how dusty it had been out on the highway.

Jackson drove around a few blocks looking at the buildings and the people, then turned and went back toward the railroad yards. He passed some more warehouses and a loading platform, and when he reached the north end of the yards he saw the other bridge that crossed the river. On the far side was a cafe, and he drove the Corvette onto the gravel in front of it. Bare cement steps led up to the door, and over one of the two windows was the sign: "Coffee Shop."

Jackson went inside, walked over to the counter and sat on a stool across from the doorway to the kitchen. A girl came down the aisle behind the counter.

"Yes?" she said.

"Oh . . ." Jackson had been looking in the kitchen. "I'll have a coffee."

She turned halfway around. "Cream?"

He nodded. He couldn't remember seeing her before. She put a coffee in front of him and reached underneath the counter for a spoon. There weren't any, so she walked into the kitchen and came back with a dozen in her hand. She laid one in front of Jackson and put the rest under the counter.

"How long have you worked here?" he said.

She tooked a small pad of green paper out of her pocket and dropped it on the counter. "Will that be all?"

Jackson nodded. She wrote on the pad, tore off the piece of paper, turned it over and laid it on the counter by his cup.

"Does Early still own this place?" he said.

"Some guy uptown," she said, putting the pad back in her pocket.

"You don't know his name?"

"Guy called Mason signs my paycheck. That's all I care about." She took a rag from beneath the counter, went around to the front of the coffee shop and started wiping off tables. Jackson figured she could be pretty if she worked at it.

She looked out the window as she wiped off a table. "That your car?" she said.

"The red Corvette."

She stopped wiping and stood in front of the window. "Pretty nice. Bet it goes awful fast, hey?"

"Oh... I've had her moving pretty quick, all right."

"How come it's all dirty?"

"Driving for four days."

She stood looking out the window for a moment, then looked back at Jackson. He didn't say anything and she went back to wiping the tables.

"Pretty nice, all right," she said.

Jackson took a few more sips of his coffee and looked through the doorway into the kitchen. A man walked by. He was almost bald and the sleeves on his white shirt were rolled up to his elbows.

Jackson called to him. "Hey, Everett, you old bugger."

The man came to the doorway, looked at Jackson and turned back into the kitchen. Jackson went around the end of the counter and up to the door.

"Hey, Everett. Don't you talk to anybody anymore?"

"Employees only, Cholly." The man was scraping the griddle with an egg-slide.

"Don't remember me, hey?"

The man turned around and looked at him. "Not really. Should I?"

" 'Bout six years ago. Remember? Us guys used to come in here all the time. This place was our hangout."

"Christ, Mac, this place used to be a million guys' hangout."

"Ya, but this was when Early was here. You know, there was Rimmer and me and Lyle Anderson and Charlie Hewett and a big stupid guy. We kept saying you were one of the boys."

The man turned back to his griddle. "Don't know nothing." He put a hamburger on the griddle and spread some chopped onions around it with his fingers.

"Don't you remember? Rimmer and the girls we brought in? There was one named Marcia that Early always said was a real punch."

"Early's got better things to do than hang around this place."

"You don't remember Marcia?"

The man shook his head.

Jackson took a few steps inside the door and leaned against the refrigerator. "Well... do you remember when there was a fight in here and the window was broken?"

The man turned around and pointed at Jackson. "Was you in that fight?"

"Well... not really..."

"Yeah. Now I think I remember you."

"I was with Rimmer and the rest of them."

"Yeah. All you guys was in that fight." He turned around to flip over the hamburger, then looked back at Jackson.

"You left town, didn't you?"

"That's right. Went to Toronto."

"Yeah. Now I remember you. Your name's Jack or something."

"Jackson."

"Yeah." There was a long pause. "So... how the hell are you?"

"I'm pretty good."

"Yeah... well, that's good to hear." The man turned the hamburger over again, put it on a bun with the onions, and starting eating it. "My supper," he explained. He ate a few mouthfuls, put the hamburger down and went over to the sink to get a glass of water. "Didn't one of you guys die, or something?"

"Who?" Jackson said.

"I dunno. Heard something about a guy dying sometime. Thought it was one of you."

"Never heard anything about it."

He pointed at Jackson. "Thought it was you, to tell the truth." He finished eating his hamburger and got another glass of water. "That guy, what's-his-name — Rimmer. He was a real dandy with the women, wasn't he?"

"Rimmer wasn't too bad. He just had a big mouth on him."

"Hear him and his broad Marcia had themselves a real good time."

"Rimmer? Oh, no. Marcia was my skirt. Always was." Jackson started to smile. " 'Bout time I did a little looking up, too."

"Maybe she was yours, I dunno. Don't remember." Everett walked back to the griddle. "Was the fight about her?"

Jackson lit a cigarette. "Marcia? Nah. Us guys were always fighting somebody. You know how it is when you get drinking."

"Yeah. Sure." The man turned around and scraped off the griddle again. "Been good seeing you," he said.

"You don't know where any of them are, do you?"

"Phone book'll tell you."

Jackson moved towards the door. "Yeah... I guess I'll take a look." The girl was standing behind the counter when he came out of the kitchen.

"Find out who owns the place?" she said. Jackson nodded. He went around in front of the counter, threw a dime down by his coffee cup, and walked out

the door.

"Hey, coffee's fifteen . . ."

He heard her, but he closed the door behind him. It was getting cooler outside. Jackson picked up his sportscoat from the front seat of the car, put it on, and drove into town. He parked next to a drug store and went inside to use the pay-phones.

The torn phone book didn't start until halfway through the B's. He looked for Marcia Tysdale's name, but it wasn't listed.

Jackson dialed Information. "Could you give me the number of Marcia Tysdale? I don't know the address."

The operator said, "Thank you," and Jackson waited. "I'm sorry, but there's no Marcia Tysdale listed," she said.

"Well . . . how about Charles Hewett? Charles J. Hewett?"

Jackson waited again. "I'm sorry, but there's no Charles J. Hewett listed."

"How about Lyle Anderson, then?"

"One moment please." Jackson shifted the receiver to his other ear. "Lyle Anderson. 534-7830. Would you please make a note of that number?"

Jackson hung up, deposited a dime, and dialed the number from memory. A woman answered.

"Hello, is Lyle there?" he said.

"No."

"Well . . . do you know where he is?"

"He's out with Dave."

"Is that Dave Rimmer?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where they are?"

"No."

"Well . . . um, if I don't see him first, tell him Jackson's back in town."

"Jackson?"

"Yes."

"All right." She hung up.

He left the store and walked up the street a few blocks, looking in the store windows. He crossed the street and went up another block, past a theatre and a used car lot. Up at the next corner he saw a large white sign that said, "Morris." The sign stretched from the second to the fourth story of the hotel building. He remembered there was a beer parlour in the basement where some of them used to go drinking.

He looked at his watch as he went down the stairs. It was almost nine. The beer parlour was full of people and it was smokey. Jackson decided the place was not much different than before.

He found a table halfway along the room, and the waiter came over to him before he was able to sit down.

"Just one," Jackson said. He looked around the room. Men were hunched over, holding beer glasses and trying to talk to each other through the noise. Jackson noticed a big man wearing a brown trucker's jacket drinking alone at a table against the wall. He was tracing circles on the table with his beer glass. Jackson picked up his beer, went over and sat down beside him.

"Hidy, there, Ukie." The man looked up at Jackson, then took another drink from his beer. "Remember me?" The man looked at him. Jackson reached over and gave him a nudge on the shoulder. "You remember good ol' Jackson."

The man smiled. "Whaddya know, Jackson?"

"How you been keeping, Ukie? You're looking good."

Ukie looked down and started tracing circles on the table with the glass. "You been away a long time, Jackson."

"Been all over the country, boy. How are the rest of the guys?"

"Ugly as ever. Lyle and Rimmer work together now."

"How about that."

"Bought a shop to play poker in."

"Hah." Jackson leaned on the table. "How's Marcia been doing lately, anyhow?"

Ukie smiled again. "Don't tell me you're still harping on her?" He started laughing.

Jackson sat up. "C'mon. What's so funny?"

"Jackson's finally come back to claim Marcia." He leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"What the hell you talking about? I come to town to see you people. What's the matter, anyway?"

Ukie stopped laughing and finished his beer. "Sorry man. I know it's a sore spot." He started laughing again.

"Where's Rimmer's place, anyhow?"

"Down by the warehouses." Ukie choked on his last mouthful of beer and coughed.

"You bastard. C'mon, show me where it is." Jackson stood up, and Ukie, still coughing, followed him out of the place.

They walked back to the car, and Jackson followed Ukie's directions to the shop.

"Here it is," Ukie said, pointing to a small welding shop. Jackson parked his car and they went up to the door. Jackson could see a light coming from the office in the back, and he rapped on the glass. Someone came out of the office, across the shop, and opened the door.

"That you, Ukie?" the man said.

"Jackson's here, Lyle."

"Who?" There were no lights on in the doorway. "C'mon inside." Lyle led them over to the office. Rimmer was sitting at a table holding a hand of cards.

Lyle looked at Jackson. "Jesus Christ."

"How are you guys, anyway?" Jackson said.

"Look who's here, Rimmer," said Ukie.

Rimmer looked up from his cards. "Finally came back, hey buddy boy?"

Jackson sat down in Lyle's chair. "How are you, Rimmer, you old bugger?" Rimmer looked at Lyle and tapped his cards on the table.

"Raised you a dime that last round, daddy," he said.

Lyle pulled up another chair. "I see you," he said, and threw two nickels into the pot. "You're looking healthy, Jackson."

"Saw Everett down at Early's cafe a little while ago," Jackson said.

Lyle looked up. "Ain't seen him in years. Full house, Rimmer, got ya." Lyle collected the pot and started dealing another hand of cards. "Want in, Jackson?"

"No."

Lyle finished dealing. "Ukie hates cards." He looked at his hand. "Hey, you knew Charlie Hewett got it, didn't you?"

Jackson leaned over the table. "Charlie? Everett said somebody —" He sat back in his chair. "Well, holy cow. What the hell happened, anyway?"

"Steering went on his truck. Wound up against a rock bluff with eleven thousand pounds of grain on top of him."

"Jesus Christ." Jackson leaned on the table. "How long ago?"

"Oh . . . how long ago, Rimmer? Three years?"

Rimmer nodded.

"Hurt Marcia more than anybody else," said Lyle.

"You remember Marcia, don't you, Jackson?" Rimmer said.

Lyle pointed to the cards. "You don't want in?"

"No, I gotta be going pretty quick."

"Where you gotta go?" said Rimmer.

"Gotta find a place to sleep tonight, for one thing."

"Dealer takes three," said Lyle.

Jackson pulled his chair closer to the table. "What was the matter with Marcia? She going with Charlie or something?"

Rimmer laid his cards down on the table. "You have been out of touch, haven't you? Charlie and Marcia were married and they had a kid. That'd frost off anybody, don't you think?"

"What's she doing now?" Jackson asked.

"Works for us keeping books," said Lyle. "Raise you two, Rimmer."

Jackson got up and started towards the door, "Guess I oughta find a hotel before it gets to be midnight."

"Yeah, well, see you around," said Lyle.

"Don't fall on your face when you go through the shop," Rimmer said.

Ukie walked through the place with Jackson. "I'll show you the way."

Jackson turned around when they reached the door. "Where's Marcia live, Ukie, old boy?"

Ukie smiled again. "Aberdeen Apartments." Jackson patted him on the shoulder and went to his car. He remembered the Aberdeen Apartments were just down the street. He drove to the place, and parked his car a block away from the entrance. In the lobby he checked the mail boxes until he came to one that said, "Marcia Hewett, 2D", and went up to the next floor and looked at the numbers on the doors. When he came to 2D, he pushed the button.

A woman's voice said, "Coming." Marcia opened the door. She was wearing a red sweater and a black skirt, and she had gained a few pounds.

"Jackson," she said.

"Hello, Marcia. How are ya?"

"Well . . . fine. Where . . . ?"

"Can I come in?"

"Sure . . . I guess. Anybody with you?"

Jackson walked into the apartment. The front room was small, but there were some new pieces of furniture.

"How have you been?" he said.

"All right. Aren't you married?"

"No."

"Well . . . where have you been?"

"Toronto." He sat down on a chair across the room from her. "Sorry to hear about Charlie."

"Charlie. Well . . . what can you do, hey?"

"Hear you got a kid."

"A boy. He's almost four. He's sleeping right now, do you want to see him?"

Jackson lit a cigarette. She was still good looking. "How long were you married to Charlie?"

"Over a year. About fourteen months, I guess."

"Never figured you'd marry him."

"What?"

Jackson half smiled. "I thought you were going to wait for me."

She laughed. "You're kidding me. You went out of here with a flash and a roar — gone for good."

"Aww, c'mon. You know me better than that."

She got up and brought Jackson an ash-tray. "So, how long are you going to be here?"

"A few minutes."

"Here in town?"

"Oh, in town. Oh, I don't know. A week or so, maybe."

She went over to the hallway. "Do you want a coffee?"

Jackson got up and followed her. "Okay."

She went into the kitchen. "What do you do in Toronto?"

"Oh . . . you name it." He leaned against the wall.

"Like what?"

"I'm busy as hell. Got more connections with more people than I know what to do with."

"How come you're not married?"

"You know how it is."

"I do? Seems to me you were the one always talking about it."

"I don't talk about it any more."

She filled the pot with water. "Sure funny. All I ever got from you was 'Let's get married.' "

Jackson came over to the table and sat down. "It ain't what it's cracked up to be, anyhow."

"Oh? How do you know?"

"I got it on the best authority."

"Whose authority?"

"The best."

"Whose?"

"All right. Mine. I've been all the way through it."

"You were married?"

"Yeah. I got my walking papers a week ago."

"Divorced?"

"Yeah. So what?"

"So nothing. It figures better than you saying you weren't married. Come back to sooth your wounds, hey?"

"Sort of."

She set the cups and saucers on the table. "What are you going to do for excitement now that you're back?"

"Oh . . ." He blanked his cigarette in a saucer. "I sort of figured we should get together."

"Yes?"

"Sort of like old times."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Why not?" He drummed his fingers on the table. "You're free now, aren't you?"

"You're not serious."

"And why not?"

She turned around and looked at him. "Because you left. You can't just come back and pick up right where—"

Jackson laughed. "I'm only kidding." He lit another cigarette. "Actually, I never figured there was anything with us, anyhow."

"Oh, come off it. Who do you think you're B-S'ing?"

"Well look at it. You didn't wait, did you?"

"Whaddya think I got — eternal youth?"

"I don't know. You look pretty good to me." Jackson laughed again.

She poured some coffee. "You can leave as soon as you drink this, thank you."

"What are you so mad about? I just came up to pay a visit for old times' sake. What's so bad about that?"

"Drink your bloody coffee and blow, buster. You're as big a bloody pain as you ever were."

"I don't know when you got so choosy, kid. Charlie wasn't the world's greatest prize, you know."

"You just get your god damn self out." Marcia grabbed him by the sleeve of his jacket and tried to pull him off his chair. He stood up and put his hand around the back of her neck.

"Aw, c'mon, kid. Let's start up all over again." He pulled her closer to him.

"Get your god damn hands off me." She pushed against him, but he put his other arm around her waist and held her.

"Just like old times, kid. No problems." He pulled her head closer and kissed her. "Owww —" She bit him. "You god damn —"

She turned and ran down the hall into the bathroom. She locked the door before he was able to catch her.

"Aw, c'mon, Marcia." There was no answer. "C'mon out. Marcia?" Jackson listened. "You can't stay in there all night, Marcy."

"You just think I can't."

"I'm sorry, Marcy. C'mon out."

"Get out."

"You're acting like a kid, Marcy. C'mon out." She didn't answer. "C'mon, Marcy." Jackson heard the front door-bell ring. "Marcy, there's somebody at the door." She didn't answer him. The bell rung again. "You gonna answer it, Marcy?"

"Why don't you?" she said.

He heard somebody open the door and come into the living room. He put his hands in his pockets and walked out of the hallway. Rimmer and Lyle were standing in the middle of the room, and Ukie was closing the door.

Jackson took out a cigarette. "Marcia's in the bathroom." Rimmer walked up to Jackson and pointed to his mouth.

"You cut your lip, buddy boy?" Jackson put his fingers to his mouth.

"Umm . . . guess I banged it."

Marcia came out of the hallway. "You know what he tried to do?"

Rimmer looked back at Jackson. "I can guess. Sure doesn't take you long, does it, buddy boy?"

"Not your problem, anyway," said Jackson.

"How'd you get the blood on your mouth, buddy boy?"

"None of your bloody business, that's how."

Marcia walked over to Rimmer. "He tried to get me in bed and I bit him."

Rimmer grabbed Jackson by the arm. "You got a short memory, ain't you?"

"Hey, wait a minute," Jackson said.

Rimmer opened the door and pushed him into the hall. "Going through Early's window didn't smarten

you up none, did it?"

"Wait a minute, Rimmer. I didn't mean nothing."

"You never mean nothing, ya dumb fart."

Rimmer shoved him down the hall. "C'mon, Rimmer, honest —" Rimmer pushed him down the stairs into the empty lobby, and then along the hallway to the back door of the apartment building. "Hey, Rimmer. It was nothing, honest —"

"Aww, shaddap, ya mongrel bastard — ya said that the last time. I tell ya 'leave her alone', I mean 'leave her alone', buddy boy." Rimmer opened the door to the alleyway behind the apartment building. "Never seen nobody that can horn in on our broad so bad as you."

"C'mon, Rimmer —"

Rimmer shoved him backwards out the door. Jackson banged into a garbage can and fell over on his back. Rimmer slammed the door as he went back inside.

Jackson was lying on something soft. He got up and saw some old cabbages had fallen out of the can. The alley was very quiet. The lights of the city reflected off the haze in the air, and Jackson could see other cans and crates lined up against the building. One end of the alley was fenced off, and the other opened on a street half a block away.

The back of his sportscoat was wet, and he could smell cabbages. He walked along the alley to the street, and up to the corner where he could see his car. He noticed it was up the street on the other side of the apartment building. Nobody was around.

He crossed the street. As he walked up the sidewalk, two men came out of the apartment.

"There he is," said one. Jackson started running. He could hear somebody coming after him. Jackson heard Lyle holler "Ukie," and Ukie stopped chasing him. He could hear Ukie laughing, and the two men walked back down the street.

Jackson remembered how wet his sportscoat was as he sat down in the car, and he could smell cabbages again. He looked up to the second floor windows of the Aberdeen Apartments, but he couldn't tell which were Marcia's.

He drove over the bridge that led to Early's coffee shop, and along a mile or so until he came to a place where there weren't so many lights. He turned off on a side road and parked beside some bushes. The city lights reflected off the haze in the air.

He opened the trunk of the car and took out a suitcase. He opened it and felt around until he found a shirt and his other sportscoat and he changed by the side of the car.

Jackson put the suitcase back in the trunk and put his wet shirt and sportscoat beside the spare tire.

He lit a cigarette and drove into town. The movie theatre lights were still flashing, but there was nobody around. The sign in front of the Morris Hotel was on, but the steps leading down to the beer parlour were dark. There were a few people at the bus-stops and some standing in the doorway of the odd store, but nobody really interested him.

He turned and went back towards the cafe. He saw the lights were still on as he reached the bridge, and he pulled up in the parking lot and stopped.

He tilted the rear view mirror towards him and rubbed his hands through his hair to smooth it. He took some after-shave lotion from a bag under the dashboard and rubbed a bit on his face. He got out of the car, straightened up his sportscoat, and walked up the steps into the coffee shop.

The waitress was standing in the kitchen doorway talking to Everett. She turned around as Jackson came in.

ANTI-ANTI-CALENDAR (*continued*)

Paperology 416 and Ethnomusicology 311 were considered indispensable preparation, but they served to limit the participation. The lectures were astringent, it was felt, and the labs somewhat messy. A shortage of laboratory coats resulted in quite a few indelibly stained garments, and as one student replied; "Hell, when we all wore red shirts we looked like a bunch of bloody Garibaldiists." The subject matter was interesting, however; in fact, several co-eds announced they were held spellbound for the entire term. Complaints arising out of this circumstance had their source principally with the girls' parents — understandably disappointed at their childrens' failure to return home for Christmas. Student projects, such as the Black Mass celebrated on the steps of the Legislative Buildings were perhaps ill-timed. The local press, languishing in one of their periodic doldrums, awarded the event disproportionately lavish coverage. All in all, the course was acknowledged stimulating and recommended to both Majors and Non-majors.

Song

CAROLE WIPER

Now softly, now loudly
the men's voices reach me
there laughing and knotting
and mending the sail

The morn's in the east
and the pearl's on the billows
O God make me gull-tongued
to welcome the day

I long for the ship
on a hot summer's morning
when fish will not answer
the song of our lines

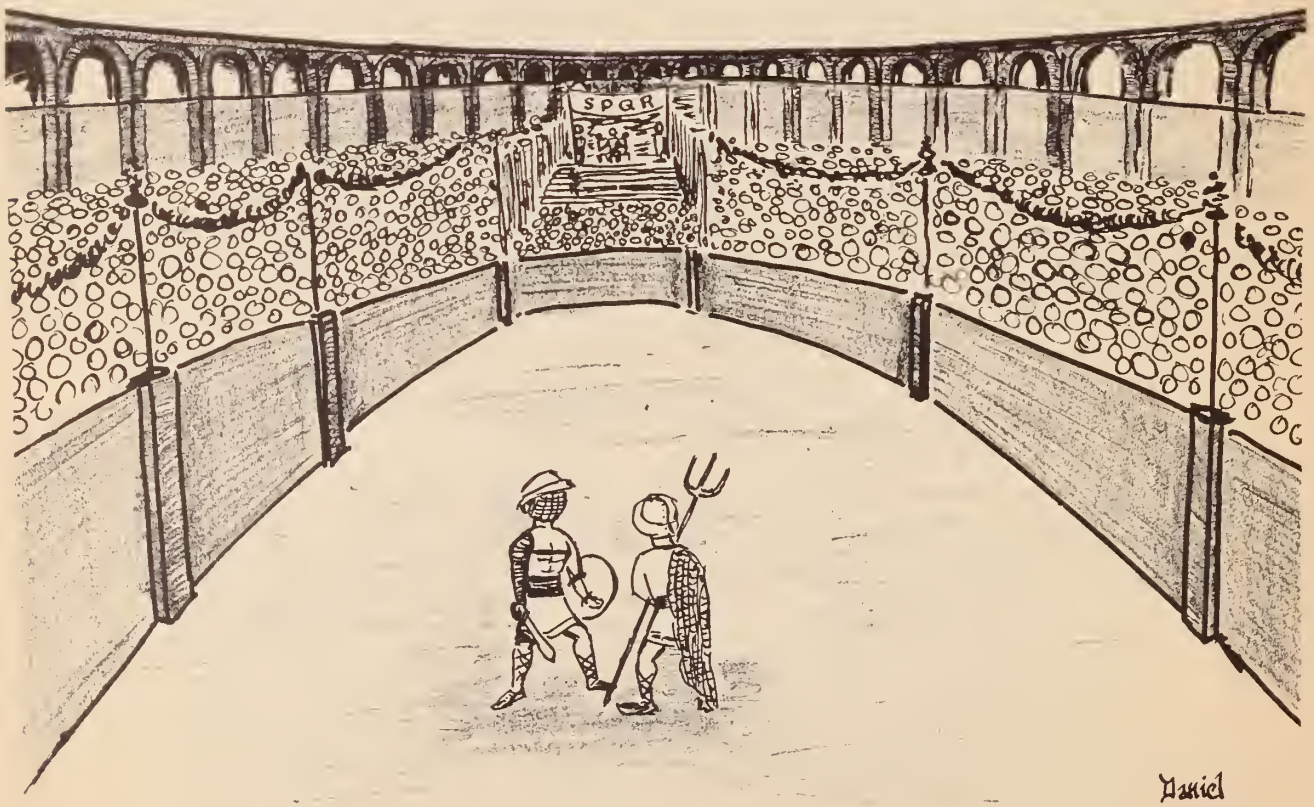
I long for the glint
and the coil of the noon-tide
heaving and glassy
and serpentine blue

I'll sing you the song
of the dove of the ocean
brittle-eyed, foam-winged
crying bereft

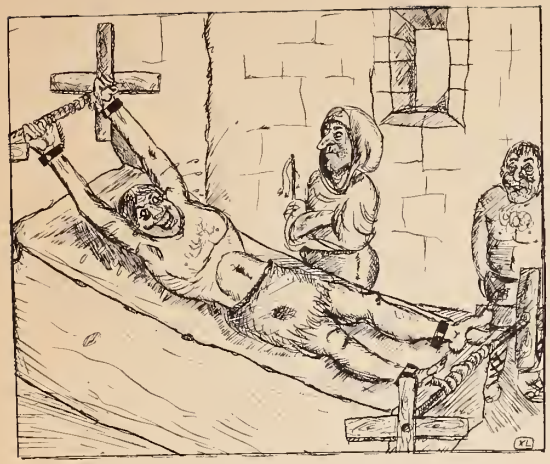
I long for the long nights
when moon-clouds are pillared
I long for the silence
the chill of the north

I'll sing of the southland
its gentle wind whispering
of jungles and pine trees
and sand in the sun

The bones of a thousand men
rotting beneath us
the eyes of a thousand staring above
Sleep, for the morning will find us in Bali
Sleep, for the evening will find us in Troy



Oh yeah? You wanna make somethin' outta it?



"Hey — how does an elephant . . . ?"

"Rends, comans, funtrymen —"

"Mandy is dandy
but Christine is quicker?"

"Nytol."

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